

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

APRIL No.18



FEATURING
PLASTIC MAN
AND
The **SPRIT**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The DOLL MAN

MIGHTY MITE!

**IN A
COMPLETE
BOOK
OF
HIS
OWN**

**AND
EVERY
MONTH
IN**

**FEATURE
COMICS**

**THE
DOLL MAN
QUARTERLY**



**DON'T WAIT! GET
YOUR COPY
NOW!!**

**AT YOUR
FAVORITE **10¢**
NEWSSTAND**

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THE NAVY'S
THE PLACE
FOR YOU,
PLASTIC!

YOU'LL NEVER
REGRET JOINING
THE AIR
CORPS!

EASY, BOYS,
EASY! ... AT
THIS RATE I'LL
BE JOINING THE
SCRAP RUBBER
PILE!

PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING WHY
PLASTIC MAN HASN'T JOINED THE SERVICE
BEFORE THIS! ... WELL, FRANKLY, HIS BOSS,
POLICE CAPTAIN MURPHEY, WON'T LET HIM! ...
HE'S HAD HIM DEFERRED AS BEING ESSENTIAL
TO THE MAINTENANCE OF LAW AND ORDER
IN MAMMOTH CITY!
TIME AND AGAIN MURPHEY HAS REFUSED
PLASTIC MAN'S PLEAS FOR A RELEASE!
BUT THE INDIA RUBBER MAN IS A
VERY PERSISTENT CHAP!

I SAY
YOU'RE
JOINING THE
MARINES!

by
JACK COLE

WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH THE
ARMY?





FINALLY, CAPTAIN MURPHEY SPEAKS!

SO HE FINALLY DID IT! - GOT HIS SELECTIVE BOARD TO DRAFT HIM OVER MY HEAD! - SIGH

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

RESIGNATION



NO! I SAW HIM FIRST!

WEE! G-GOLLY! AND I CAN'T GO WITH HIM! MY BEST PAL! JUST LISTEN TO THEM OUT THERE!



C'MON, PLASTIC! JOIN THE MARINES AND SEE TOKYO!

JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE BERLIN!

SHADDUP! HE'S GONNA JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THEM BOTH!

THIS IS A PROBLEM!



AW, GEE, PLAS... CAN'T YOU JUST BE AN AIR RAID WARDEN AND STAY RIGHT HERE!

OH, COME NOW, PAL!



I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL DRAW STRAWS FOR 'IM!

I'M GAME! HOLD STILL, CHUBBS!

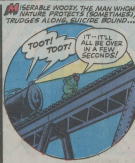
POOR WOOLZY!

HEY! THAT'S ALL THE HAIR I OWN!



YIPPEE! THE ARMY WINS!

SNIFF! LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING WITHOUT HIM!



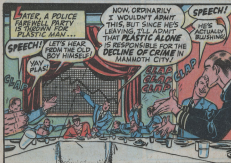
TOOT! TOOT!

IT--IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A FEW SECONDS!



BUT, LO, A TIE GIVES WAY!...

DRAT IT!









NOW LET'S DROP BACK TO THE POOL ROOM AND SEE WHAT BALDY AND BUTCH ARE UP TO...



AS WOOLY DISAPPEARS...



AS THE TWO DRIVE OFF...

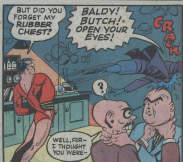


OUT IN THE COUNTRY, HE TRAILS THEM TO AN OLD WELL... THE ENTRANCE TO VAN DYKE'S LAB...



IN THE SECRET LAB...







YOU'LL NEVER GET ME THIS TIME!



GRABBING PLASTIC'S ARMS, HE PUTS THEM IN A VISE...



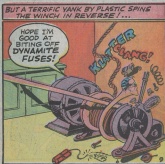
YOU FORGOT MY HEAD, PAL!



GOT THE PHOTOS AND PLANS?

YEH!

RIGHT WITH YOU!



HOPE I'M GOOD AT BITING OFF DYNAMITE FUSES!

KLATTER CLANG!



BACK IN MAMMOTH CITY
STILL UNDER THE
EFFECTS OF THE PILLAR



WHEN SUDDENLY
IT WEARS OFF...

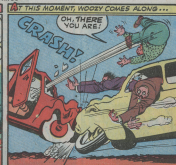


BUT PLASTIC MAN RECEIVES A
SHOCK ON RETURNING TO THE WELL...



AND DOWN INSIDE THE LABORATORY...





MANHUNTER



A NIGHT OF MURDERS!...
A WHITE HAND COMING OUT OF
THE DARKNESS, BRINGING REVENGE
AND DEATH! EVEN THE MIGHTY
MANHUNTER AND HIS GREAT DOG,
THOR, ARE HAVING DIFFICULTY IN SOLVING
THE CRIMES WHICH ARE COMMITTED UNDER
THEIR VERY EYES IN THE HOUSE OF OLD
JUDGE JUPITER!...





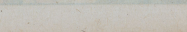
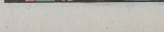














BUT THE JUDGE DOESN'T RECKON WITH A GREATER POWER! ...



I CAN'T BLAME YOU, RICHARDS! I NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED THE OLD JUDGE OF THE CRIMES - BUT IT'S A STRANGE THING ...

YES, ALL FOUR HAD BEEN TRIED FOR MURDER AT SOME TIME OR OTHER WHEN JUDGE JUPITER WAS PROSECUTING ATTORNEY! HE LOST ALL FOUR CASES!



THE WOMAN WAS TRIED FOR SHOOTING HER HUSBAND, BUT RELEASED WHEN IT WAS DECLARED SUICIDE! THE FIRST MAN WAS TRIED FOR MURDERING HIS BUSINESS PARTNER - CRUSHED BY A LARGE CRATE WHICH FELL ON HIM - AND FOUND TO BE ACCIDENTAL DEATH ...

THE SECOND MAN'S SWEETHEART WAS FOUND DROWNED IN A SWIMMING POOL. HE WAS RELEASED ON GROUNDS THAT IT WAS ACCIDENTAL - AND ROGERS KILLED A MAN WITH A POISONED NEEDLE. ANOTHER MAN WAS CONVICTED OF THE CRIME WHILE ROGERS GOT FIVE YEARS AS AN ACCOMPLICE!

YES - 'AN EYE FOR AN EYE' - AS THE OLD JUDGE SAID!

RIGHT! BUT HE FORGOT THAT IT APPLIED BOTH WAYS! SO LONG, CHIEF!



DON'T MISS MANHUNTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POLICE COMICS!

BUAD THE TWERP

THE SUPER
SO-AN-SO



by
RALPH
JOHNS



DESTINY

by
GEORGE E. BRENNER.

READERS, SUPPOSE YOU
WERE CONFRONTED BY THIS
HEADLESS CREATURE,
WHAT WOULD YOU DO???

READ HOW DESTINY
METES OUT JUSTICE IN
THIS CASE--- DESTINY,
THAT AMAZING NEW
CHARACTER, GIFTED
WITH THE OCCULT
POWER OF FORESEEING
DEATH, DISASTER AND
DESTRUCTION.....
AND BY GOING
INTO A TRANCE,
HE IS ABLE TO
TRANSFER HIMSELF
TO THE SCENE
OF THE CRIME---

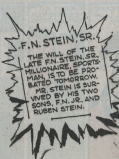


DESTINY,
RETURNING
TO HIS
HOME,
ENTERS
HIS
DEN...



AND STARING OUT OF THE
CARTON, IS A MAN'S HEAD--









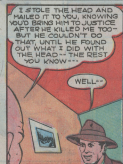
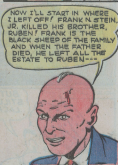
YES--YOU MUST BE DESTINY--

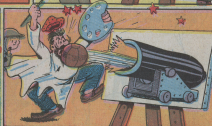






DESTINY TEARS THE CLOTHES FROM THE HEADLESS MAN--





THE SPIRIT

BY
Will
ESNER



THE WELL KNOWN CRIME FIGHTER, UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE **SPIRIT**, IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD, FROM HIS BIG LABORATORY IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, HE SECRETLY AIDS SOCIETY IN ITS WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL..... ONLY POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THE **SPIRIT'S** TRUE IDENTITY.

THE SILENCE OF A PEACEFUL NIGHT IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A CARRIAGE CAP BEARING DOWN UPON A LONE MAN WHO RUNS FOR COVER. UGLY GUYS PORE OUT OF ITS WINDOWS.

OH OH!
A GANG
KILLING!



LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, THE SPIRIT DIVES, AS THE CAR WHIZZES BY HIM.



AND WITH THE GRACE OF A TRAINED ATHLETE - HE SWINGS ONTO THE CAR.



A SICKENING SCREECH.....IT SWERVES PAST THE MAN AND CRASHES.



BOY! YOU HAD A NARROW SQUEAK! MEET ME LATER AT THE FOOT OF WILLOWOOD CEMETERY...I'LL HOLD THESE THUGS OFF!



AH, HERE COME THE POLICE... THEY'LL TAKE 'PROPER' CARE OF YOU! SO LONG, LADS...AND REMEMBER, LOOK UP AND DOWN THE STREET BEFORE YOU CROSS!



WHO WAS THAT GUY?



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEWS OF THE ATTEMPTED GANG MURDER BRINGS THE MAYOR INTO COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE.



THEY MENTIONED THE SPIRIT, SIR?

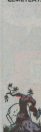


IF YOU ASK ME, THE SPIRIT IS THE MAN FOR THIS CASE. THAT GANG IS BIGGER THAN WE THINK!





MEAN-
WHILE,
AT
WILLOWOOD
CEMETERY.



A SECOND LATER THE SPIRIT FINDS HIMSELF IN THE CENTER OF A SPOTLIGHT.



THE SPIRIT TURNS TO FACE BATTLE, BUT...



LATER AT THE GANG HIDEOUT.



YOU'RE MISTAKEN. MOBS WENT OUT WITH SILENT MOVIES. CRIME TODAY IS RUN LIKE A GOVERNMENT... WE CALL IT THE "COMBINATION." WE'VE GOT POLITICAL INFLUENCE... COURTS TO TRY GUNMEN WHO DON'T OBEY ORDERS... WHY, WE EVEN PAY PENSIONS TO THE WIDOWS OF OUR MEN WHO GET KNOCKED OFF."



NOW ISN'T THAT CHARITABLE OF YOU?!"



TO SHOW YOU HOW SYSTEMATIC WE ARE, EVEN IF THAT MAN YOU SAVED HAD ESCAPED TO ANOTHER CITY, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED BY OUR AGENTS THERE.

THE COMBINATION HAS A UNIT IN EVERY CITY. IT RUNS RACKETS, KEEPS CROOKED POLITICIANS ON THE PAY-ROLL... IN THIS CITY WE RUN SLOT MACHINES.



IT'S ABOUT TIME I DID SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THIS.

TSK TSK! TOO BAD WE DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE... SORRY OLD MAN, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



YEAH, I'LL GET IT JUST BREAKS YOUR HEART!



THE SPIRIT SNAPS OFF THE LIGHTS, JUST AS...



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?!"



THIS!

AND WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON AGAIN...



GONE? THAT SPIRIT GUY SURE LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION!

SK!! I WANT HIM BUMPED OFF! GET THE SPIRIT!

NEXT DAY IN THE CITY COURT HOUSE, A CITIZEN'S ANTI-CRIME MEETING IS HELD.



...AND WHEN I LOOK AT THIS SEA OF HONEST FACES BEFORE ME, I KNOW THAT CRIME WILL BE DRIVEN OUT OF THIS FAIR CITY!



PST! WILL YOU PUT YOUR PIPE AWAY, MR. DOLAN.

WHY?

GOLD



LIKE AN UNLEASHED TORNADO, THE **SPIRIT** ROARS THROUGH THE CITY IN A ONE-MAN RAID ON GAMBLING JOINTS.....



THE COMBINATION WILL GIT YA FOR THIS! -



AT GANG HEADQUARTERS, VAN GAUNT ACTS TO COPE WITH THE **SPIRIT'S** BUTZKRIES.



COMMISSIONER DOLAN!! (GULP) YOU CAN'T! THAT IS, I'M AN HONEST MAN!



A SLIDING PANEL AND A SAFE! GOOD WORK, FINNEGAN!



YOU'VE GOT ME NOW, BUT I'LL GET EVEN... I'VE GOT FRIENDS!



AT THE ROADREST INN, A GRIM GANG GREET'S THE **SPIRIT** WITH A HAIL OF LEAD.



YO'IS HIT BOSS!





BUT THE RETREATING GANGSTERS RUN INTO A POLICE SQUAD.



AT THAT MOMENT THE MAYOR ESCORTED BY MOTORCYCLES, DRIVES UP.



AS IF IN ANSWER, THE SPIRIT STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

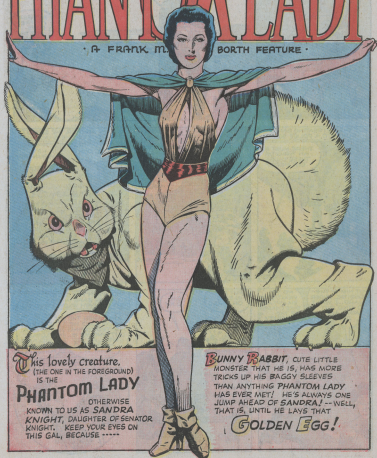


AND WHEN THE SPIRIT COMES TO, HE IS SAFE IN HIS LABORATORY BENEATH WILLOWOOD CEMETERY.



PHANTOM LADY

• A FRANK MILLER BIRTH FEATURE •



This lovely creature,
(THE ONE IN THE FOREGROUND)
IS THE
PHANTOM LADY

OTHERWISE
KNOWN TO US AS **SANDRA
KNIGHT**, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR
KNIGHT. KEEP YOUR EYES ON
THIS GAL, BECAUSE

BUNNY RABBIT, CUTE LITTLE
MONSTER THAT HE IS, HAS MORE
TRICKS UP HIS BAGGY SLEEVES
THAN ANYTHING PHANTOM LADY
HAS EVER MET! HE'S ALWAYS ONE
JUMP AHEAD OF SANDRA! -- WELL,
THAT IS, UNTIL HE LAYS THAT

GOLDEN EGG!

NOW, THIS IS BUNNY!

KINDA CUTE, AIN'T HE? AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE SAID WHEN HE APPEARED ON THE LAWN OF SENATOR KNIGHT'S HOME TO PRESIDE OVER THE **EASTER EGG HUNT!**

ALL SET? NOW--WHEN I SAY "GO!"--EVERYBODY BEGIN LOOKING FOR THE HIDDEN EGGS! --- WHEN YOU FIND A **GOLDEN EGG**, BRING IT TO ME -- AND I'LL GIVE YOU A **REAL LIVE RABBIT!**

OH, BOY!

GEE WITH!

ONE FOR THE MONEY...

TWO FOR THE SHOW...

THREE TO GET SET...

AND FOUR TO GO!

YEA!

I SEE ONE!

HA-HA! LOOK AT THOSE KIDS RUN, SANDRA!

I ALMOST WISH I WERE A KID AGAIN, DON! I CAN SEE A **GOLDEN EGG** FROM HERE!

I'LL BET FIVE DOLLARS YOU CAN'T **GET IT!**

I'LL TAKE THAT BET!

I THEE A **GOLD ONE!**
I THEE A **GOLD ONE!**







SANDRA PAUSES BEHIND A
BUSH JUST LONG ENOUGH
TO BECOME ...
PHANTOM LADY!

AT THE SAME MOMENT... THE BUNNY MAN IS PRESENTING
THE GOLDEN EGG TO SENATOR KNIGHT! ...





THE THUG LEAPS INTO A NEARBY CAR AND THROWS IT IN MOTION!



THE LAST EGG ROLLS DOWN THE TERRACE JUST AS THE GUNMAN'S CAR ROARS DOWN THE DRIVE!



CHIC CARTER



OH, YES! -- KANE
SWORE THAT HE WOULD
BEAT THE CHAIR ... DO
YOU THINK HE WILL?



OF COURSE NOT! IN
ONE HOUR THE NOTORIOUS
GUNMAN KILLER WILL BE
DEAD ... BUT THEN,
CONFOUND IT, SOME-
THING MIGHT GO WRONG!



IN THE STATE PRISON, KILLER
KANE PACES NERVOUSLY IN HIS
CELL ...

WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS HE??
THE BOSS SAID
HE'D COME!

YOUR TIME
IS SOON UP,
MY SON!



NO! NO!
THEY CAN'T
TAKE ME ... DON'T
LET THEM TAKE
ME!!

LISTEN TO ME!
I AM NOT THE
PARSON! TAKE
THIS CAPSULE
AND SWALLOW
IT AT ONCE!!



HUNGH?
YEAH -- SURE!

I HAD TO HAVE A HUMAN
BEING TO TEST MY GREAT
EXPERIMENT ... AND IF THIS
SHOULD PROVE FATAL, IT
WILL NOT MATTER BECAUSE
YOU WOULD DIE ANYWAY!



WE ARE READY,
PARSON! IT'S
TIME TO GO!!

GOODBYE, MY
SON! PEACE
BE WITH YOU!





WHAT UNEARTHLY THING IS LOOSED UPON SOCIETY?

...A SUBSTANCE WITH ONE PURPOSE: TO KILL!!



AS THE PATROLMAN TALKS,
A CLOUD OF SMOKE CREEPS
SLOWLY AROUND HIM....



WH-WHAT'S THAT?
AGGHH!... IT'S THE
SMOKE... IT'S GOT
ME! GASPE IT'S
CHOKING ME ---!
UHHHHHHHHHHH



CMON, CHIC! WE
GOTTA STOP THIS
THING BEFORE IT
WRECKS THE
CITY!!



HA-HA! LOOK AT
THEM RUN!- I'VE GOT
EVERYONE AT MY MERCY!
I'LL MAKE THEM EMPTY
THE CITY TREASURY
OR I'LL DESTROY
THEM!



GOOD HEAVENS!
BULLETS GO RIGHT
THROUGH HIM!



LATER...

SO THIS IS
THE MAN WHO
IMPERSONATED
THE PARSON!



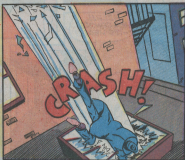


A SIXTH SENSE WARNS CARTER OF HIS PERIL...

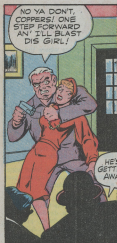




REALIZING HE CAN'T FIGHT KILLER, KANE IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION, CHIC MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM!







NO FIRING SQUAD FOR JUAN

JUAN SALITO was to die at dawn in the dismal courtyard of that dismal prison on the outskirts of San Mateo. Juan was to die standing before a bullet-spattered stone wall, where many others had died before. The military order was "Sentenced to be shot to death at five o'clock Wednesday morning."

This was Tuesday evening, early Tuesday evening. There were exactly fifteen hours before the shattering blast of those rifles snuffed out the life of Juan Salito, the patriot. . . .

The military prison of San Mateo was a bleak enough place even on a sunny day, when nobody was to stand before that terrible wall. But this evening, to the eyes of Pedro Gonzales, it had a formidable look, like the awful face of some demon of darkness. Pedro Gonzales looked at it from a distance, sitting his horse, and tears sprang into his dark eyes.

"Poor Juan!" he half sobbed. "To die so young, when life is just starting—"

The sound of horse's hoofs behind him made Pedro start visibly. He turned in his saddle. Sure enough, a man was riding toward him, but what type of man he could not tell because it was growing twilight and his eyes were none too good.

"Hello, amigo!" the newcomer said gently. "It is a fine evening." He was a very tanned young man, and his accent betrayed him as an Americano.

"Si," replied Pedro, but there was no lilt in his voice. "It might be a fine evening were it not for—" His voice caught and he stopped.

"Steady, lad," said the stranger. "What's wrong? You're

troubled about something. Some senorita—"

"Ah no!" Pedro quickly held up his hand. "My very best friend is to be shot tomorrow, there in the prison."

"Who is this friend and why is he being shot?"

Pedro told him.

"Perhaps if you told me the whole story, something might be done," stated the Americano. "Come, let us ride to the Cantina de Toro, and you tell me the story. But first, let me introduce myself: I am Dick Mace, from the States, down here on a little matter of my own. And you, amigo?"

"Pedro Gonzales," cried the Mexican. "Oh, amigo, do you think you can do anything to save Juan, my very best friend? You Americanos can do anything, I have heard!"

Dick laughed a little. "Mustn't put too much stock in that, Pedro, but maybe. Now let's be off."

The Cantina de Toro was a lively place this lovely evening. It was filled with tourists and drowsy Mexicans and many soldiers of the Republic. There was music of a languid sort, then music designed to burst the blood vessels in its intensity and its suggestion to make one do the rumba. But neither Dick Mace nor Pedro Gonzales had any desire to participate. They found a secluded table.

"Now," said Dick, "let's have it, Pedro!" He was in a mood to be amused, and also he felt sorry for this little chap with the great love for a man about to be bumped off in the gray dawn.

The Rancho de Salito, far in the south of San Mateo, was

always a place where the great of the republic met for fiesta occasions. Thousands of cattle roamed its thousands of acres and its wonderful horses were known clear to Spain for their prowess in racing. Old Don Pablo Salito was a real grandee and he entertained in grandee style.

The great ranch had been in possession of the Salitos for centuries, a grant from one of the kings of Spain.

Juan was one of three sons. There were four daughters too, all of them beautiful.

It was said that no guest had ever departed the welcome portals of Rancho de Salito without pain at so doing, and the blessing of Don Pablo. All wished they might remain forever under the friendly roof of this fine old grandee.

Don Pablo employed hundreds of vaqueros, all of whom lived in peace on the vast estate. He paid them well and when the holidays arrived there was much feasting and no work for days and nights at a time.

Not only that, the don was a great benefactor of the poor. Sometimes he personally rode miles on end just to take someone a handful of gold, or he was all the time sending wagonloads of delicious meats and other foods to the poor of the community, which covered many miles in extent.

Juan he had brought up with the same benign spirit of giving. Juan had elected to remain on the ranch, while the other children sought different colleges in various parts of the world—Paris, Vienna, the States, Rome. Several of the eldest ones had married and remained in foreign countries. But

always, come Christmas, every one of them got together at the big ranch and made merry.

Then one year a new faction took the political reins of San Mateo. It was an ill-situation and soon the people rose up in arms and a revolution began. The new faction was strong, with a powerful military following. Guevilla warfare broke out, and people were shot and property damaged in a bloody siege of hate.

Don Salito did all he could to stop the terrible state of affairs, but there was little he could do, really. The new Presidente hated him for what he was. He coveted the good don's wealth and acres and cattle. And he plotted to gain possession of them.

So it happened that one Christmas evening, when all the Salitos were enjoying the festive occasion, a great horde of soldiers rode upon the Rancho de Salito and began shooting and yelling like wild Indians. They set fire to the buildings and the stacks and stampeded the great herds of cattle.

The Salitos ran out of the house in alarm and were shot down like so many peccaries. All were shot to death except Juan, who received a wound in the shoulder and fainted.

When he came to he saw the great ranch house in flames and all the barns and other buildings, and the smaller houses of the vaqueros, many of whom had died in the terrific battle. His father and mother, his brothers and sisters were all dead. The cattle and horses were driven off and the grain fields blazing.

Juan staggered to his feet and vowed a great vow: he would never stop harrying his foe until the last one was dead. He would kill every one of the bloody regime that held sway in San Mateo. Yes, every last one down to the Presidente!

His private warfare kept up for three years and he had ac-

counted for a great number of the murderers. He had naturally been branded an outlaw, with a price on his head. A very high price indeed. . . .

Pedro Gonzales paused in the telling of the pathetic tale and a tear rolled down his brown cheek.

"Well, Senor," he said after a moment, "Juan Salito at last shot the Presidente three days ago, but was himself captured and condemned to die. He is a great patriot, Senor. Juan Salito is a great man. And now he must die!"

Dick considered. It was a terrible tale. A horrible thing to happen to a youth. He felt like helping if possible. But how?

"Can you save him, Senor Americano?" begged the Mexican. "Will you, Senor? I will be your servant all the rest of my life—"

"Look," interrupted Dick. He had just thought of something. It might work down here, since it would probably be the first time for such a thing. "Do you know anyone who has access to the prison?"

"But si," cried Pedro. "Ricardo, the medico, who says when they are dead when the shooting is over. He is my friend."

"Good." That fitted into Dick's scheme perfectly. "You come to my hotel, Pedro. I'll give you something to give to Ricardo."

They left immediately. Arrived at Dick's room, he opened a small case of medical supplies. "I've been making an amateur study of malaria down here," he explained. He drew forth a bottle and rolled several white tablets into his hand. These he put into an envelope.

"Give these to Ricardo tonight. Tell him to tell Juan to take one tablet every two hours all night. And listen, Pedro," he added, "you must claim the body and take it somewhere.

Keep it warm—"

"You mean," cried Pedro, "that Juan will die?"

Dick grinned. "I hope not. Just pass out and look like he's dead. We'll revive him afterward. Sabe?"

Pedro nodded. "I shall deliver them to Ricardo at once," he said. "Then I shall wait and take Juan's body to my own house." He gave Dick the address. "You will come later, senor?"

Then Pedro was gone.

At seven o'clock Dick took a taxi and got out in front of a tumble-down hut on the outskirts of San Mateo. He pushed the door open. Pedro was there, and another chap whom Pedro introduced as Ricardo Silva, the doctor. On a bunk lay a thin youth, looking very dead. Dick bent over him and pulled out a stethoscope, with which he listened to the youth's heartbeats. They were weak, but he'd pull through.

"He is not really dead?" cried Pedro, wringing his hands. "They said he was dead from the heart she is stopping—"

"I got no reflexes at all," said Ricardo in a fine, soft voice. "I thought Juan had died. What is it—"

"Digitalis," replied Dick. "It was taking a chance, but I figured Juan had a strong heart. And I was impressed with the story of his unhappy life. If I have been of service—"

Pedro dropped on his knees and kissed one of Dick's hands. "Senor, our Saviour!" he cried tearfully.

"The effect produced—" began Ricardo, "was astonishing."

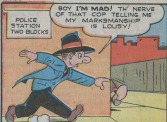
"Bradycardis," said Dick. "Heart action practically stops, respiration ceases, and the person seems dead. I believe our friend Juan is coming to. Look—"

Juan was. He had opened his eyes. Then his lips.

"Where," he said weakly. "Is this, then, heaven?"

SUPER SNOOPER

THE
YEGG
BEATER



THE HUMAN BOMB

and "THE THREE MOSQUITOES"!

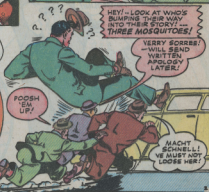
HERE'S HOPING JEAN DOESN'T FAINT WHEN I TELL HER I'M FREE TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HER!

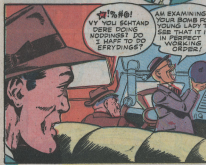
HEIL HITLER!

BANZAI, HIROHITO!

VIVA MUSSOLINI!







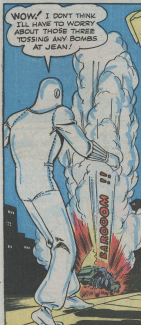
NOW MY LITTLE HALF PINTS -- WE'LL SEE WHO THAT BOMB IS FOR! WHAT THE -- ?

HAHM! -- MADE IN GERMANY! -- HAHM! -- MUST EXAMINE MORE THOROUGHLY!

GIRL IS STOPPING! WE VILL DRIVE PAST HER UND DEN PUT ON DER BRAKES! -- SO SHE VILL NOT SUSPECT US!

FUSE IS SORROWFULLY SLOW!

CHARACTERS?? THOSE GUYS BELONG IN A NUT HOUSE -- THINK I'D PREFER TO WATCH THIS FROM THE SIDE-LINES!



SO...LET'S LEAVE OUR THREE SCREWBOLLS AND ENTER JEAN'S LABORATORY WITH THE HUMAN BOMB! ...

WHAT TH'--??

COME ALONG, PROFESSOR-- WE'RE GOING TO TRY OUT MY ROCKET CAR!

NOTHING DOING! I SAID I'D BUILD IT FOR YOU-- BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU GET ME INTO THE FOOL THING!

PROFESSOR! IS THAT A NICE THING TO SAY!

I OUGHT TO KNOW! -- I BUILT IT! YOU PAID ME TO WORK OUT YOUR CRAZY IDEAS -- BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS I GO!

OKAY-- DON'T! I'LL RUN IT MYSELF!

HEY, PROFESSOR! ARE YOU ON THE LEVEL ABOUT THAT THING BEING SO DANGEROUS?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? SHE HAD ME LOAD THOSE TUBES STICKING OUT OF THE BACK WITH 200 STICKS OF DYNAMITE!

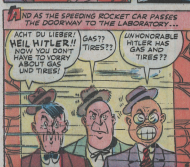
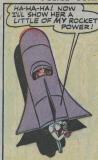
YEEOWW! IF SHE STARTS THAT THING--

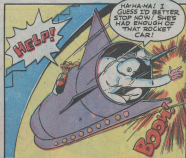
THAT'S ALL, BUD -- THAT'S ALL!

"THAT'S ALL" IS RIGHT! AND I'M PUTTING AN END TO THIS RIGHT NOW!

OF ALL THE DANG-FOOL THINGS TO PLAY AROUND WITH! -- DYNAMITE AND ROCKET CARS!

SAY-- I'VE AN IDEA THAT MAY CURE THIS LITTLE LADY OF BEING AN INVENTIVE GENIUS!







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